

## **This Is my Father's World**

This is my Father's world  
And to my listening ears  
All nature sings and round me rings  
The music of the spheres  
This is my Father's world  
I rest me in the thought  
Of rocks and trees  
Of skies and seas  
His hands the wonders rod

This is my Father's world  
The birds their carols raise  
The morning light the, lilliy white  
Declare their Maker's praise  
This is my Father's world  
He shines in all that's fare  
In rustling grass I hear him pass  
He speaks to me everywhere

This is my Father's world.  
O let me ne'er forget  
that though the wrong seems oft so strong,  
God is the ruler yet.  
This is my Father's world:  
the battle is not done:  
Jesus Who died shall be satisfied,  
And earth and Heav'n be one.

## **It is Well With My Soul**

When peace like a river attendeth my way  
When sorrows like sea billows roll  
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say  
It is well, it is well with my soul  
It is well with my soul  
It is well with my soul  
It is well, it is well with my soul

Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come  
Let this blest assurance control

That Christ has regarded my helpless estate  
And has shed His own blood for my soul

My sin, oh the bliss of this glorious thought  
My sin, not in part, but the whole  
Is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more  
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul

And Lord, haste the day when my faith shall be sight  
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll  
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend  
Even so, it is well with my soul

**Alas, And Did My Savior Bleed?**

And did my Sovereign die?  
Would He devote that sacred head  
For sinners such as I?

*At the cross, at the cross where  
I first saw the light,  
And the burden of my heart rolled away,  
It was there by faith I received my sight,  
And now I am happy all the day!*

Was it for crimes that I had done  
He groaned upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!

But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe;  
Here, Lord, I give myself away,  
'Tis all that I can do.